

THE BALLAD OF BREAKNECK.

MISS M. G. FIKS.

[Harper's Magazine for December.]

The sun shone out on the mountain crest;
Far down the valley the shadows were
And crimson and gold the glowing west.
And wheeling and soaring the eagles call.
The good ship rode with a willing sail;
The sailors are calling, "A way! away!"
We must stand the tide and the north wind fall;
The night and the breeze brook no delay.

The young maid lingers upon the strand
Near a dusky maiden with flushing cheek;
In his broad brown palm he holds her hand,
And eager and low are the words they speak.
"Weep not, Nekama; I shall return;
Wait for me here on the mountain-side;
When the woods in their autumn glory burn,
I shall come again to claim my bride."

Slowly the Indian lifts his head;
Dry is her cheek and dear her eye.
"Nekama will wait as thou hast said;
The son of the pale-face can not lie."
Seeking thy sails on the stream below,
Under the shade of that pine tree,
When the beeches are gold and the sumachs
grow,
From the mountain top I shall watch for thee."

The sailors are calling; the broad sails flap;
From his neck Dirk loosens his great gold
chain.
Flung the gleaming links in Nekama's lap,
Then springs to the ship's stern again.
The stout ash bonds he flings to the side,
And the small boat reaches the vessel's side.
When he turns to Nekama, waiting still,
Sad, but calm in her savage pride.

Sails the ship under high Cro' Nest,
Wearing and tacking in Murky's Reach,
While Dirk looks back with a man's regret,
And Nekama lingers upon the beach.
Fades the sails to a vague white speck;
Loom the mountains hazy and dim;
The ship is lost in the distance,
And the girl moves not, though the night-dews
fall.

A year has passed, and upon the hills
Scarlet and russet have faded to brown;
No sound is heard but the flowing wind;
The summer's voices are hushed and gone.
A late sad cry on a bare beach top
Cries and sobs in an autumn wind;
The dead leaves fall, and the acorn's drop
Breaks the stillness and scares the hind.

Wrapped in her blanket Nekama stands,
Sees the horizon with eager eye,
Late he lingers. She clasps her hands,
And a sad cry in an autumn eye.
"It is I, the distant shore!
Look how the maiden's dusky face
Gleams and brightens in the moon's glow,
And the white speck changes and grows apace."

"He comes!" he comes!" From the wigwags
Catches the brave and comes again;
The men are decked with arrow and spear,
And the women in their native vain.
Fleets the river with light canoes,
Laden with gifts for the welcome guest;
Thunders the drum from the wigwag canoe;
Close to the ship are the frail bark's pressed.

Brown and still as a bronze relief,
Sirly Nekama keeps her place;
Behold her father, the Mohawk chief,
Whom, plumed and tall, with a painted face,
Gracing a spear in his native hand,
Looking in vain one face to see,
Turns and utters his proud demand:
"Dirk Brauden comes not; where lingers he?"

"Dirk Brauden is Holland," the sailors say;
"He's wed a dame of wealth and state;
He's no more a warrior, but a lord;
God and us all like happy fate."
Dark goes the brow of the angry sire;
Can it be white man's wife the Huron knave?
The eye of the maiden burn like fire.

From his bosom she drags the great gold chain;
Dashed the captain's feet like fire;
"Take this to the white man's wife again;
Nekama has learned how a pale-face lies!"
Proudly steps to her light canoe;
Bends his paddle at every stroke;
The great bark of the wigwag crew,
Nor wistly a woman's heart had broke.

Up the mountain Nekama lies;
Stands like pine tree's shade again;
Sees the ship with her white sails;
Means like one in mortal pain.
The dark clouds crowd round the mountain
peak;
Caws the crow on the bough overhead;
The great bird lives, and the branches creak—
"Ah, why do I live? He is false!" she said.

A shriek is heaved through the gathering storm;
A rushing fire darkens the air;
Out from the cliff springs a slender form,
And the mail of mail and mail there,
Towers the grim and high;
Drips the blood from its rugged side;
Loud and shrill the women's cry;
O'er the muting wash of the angry tide!

But Storm King lay to the Cro' Nest,
Where the pine-tree wave and the hoarse
crows call.
Though the Moha sleeps 'neath that rocky
crest,
While the leaves his ruined castle fall.
To-day on the Hudson sailing by,
Under the shadow of the Hudson Hill,
We tell the legend, a day's sight;
Where Nekama's angry fingers still.

poetry, the eloquent compliments, and the generous and affectionate enthusiasm of the great multitude—it is the thing best worth preserving.

At the time of Dr. Francis E. Anstie's death the British Medical Journal notes that he was actively engaged as the dean and co-lecturer on medicine in the new school of medicine for women in London, in furthering woman's thorough medical education at an establishment fitted on the same plan as the great metropolitan schools.

The report of the commissioner of education for 1873 shows that in that year the institutions for the education of women in the United States numbered 210, including 107 colleges, and for normal schools, which had 21,613 students, including 1,025 in post-graduate and special courses; while 90 educational institutions reported 7,357 female students.

A telegrapher's newspaper, speaking of the employment of women as operators, says that their power is already felt in the style of conversation between male operators over the wires. Low jests and vulgarities have grown less frequent, and an intimation that there is a female operator on a circuit puts a quietus on the most virulent of blasphemers.

MURDER AND CREMATION.

PARTICULARS OF THE MURDER IN MONROE COUNTY, ILLINOIS—DISCOVERY OF THE HORRIBLE DETAILS.

The St. Louis Globe of the 14th inst. contains the following account of the murder of unparalleled atrocity in Illinois, mention of which has already been made by telegraph: One of the most atrocious murders heard of in the annals of crime has just been brought to light in Monroe county, Ill., 25 miles from St. Louis. A well known lady of that county had been missing since the evening of the 8th of last August, and the neighbors, after a few weeks had elapsed, began to suspect that she had been a victim of foul play, and connected her husband with their suspicions. Subsequent developments, it would seem, have tended to prove all their suspicions to be correct. On the evening of the 8th of August Barney McMahon, a farmer residing in Monroe county, Ill., a short distance from the town of Burlington, on the Missouri river, was engaged in a quarrel with his wife, and in the presence of his children struck her several times. The same evening he told his children—a girl 18 years old and two boys, aged respectively 14 and 16 years—to go to an acquaintance's house and stay all night, so that they could not be taken to church the next morning. This was something unusual, as he never allowed his children to remain over night away from home. The next morning the children came back, and found that their stepmother was dead. When they asked their father for information concerning her, they were told that she had taken the morning train for St. Louis. This is considered a very circumstantial point against him, as there was no morning train to St. Louis on Sunday. Nothing was heard of the missing woman until Mr. Protine, a private detective of this city, and Mr. Riss, the prosecuting attorney of Monroe county, had placed Barney McMahon under arrest as the murderer of his wife. These gentlemen had quietly gone to work on the case, and investigated the farm of McMahon, and watched for any suspicious circumstances which could prove their surmises to be correct. They were told by the neighbors that he had

THE TEST OF FIGURES.

COUNTY SUPERINTENDENCY.

AN ACTUAL SAVING IN MONEY OF \$146,507—REPORT OF THE STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

Below will be found the chapter on the economy of the county superintendency, which will appear in the forthcoming report now in press:

It is well known that the office of county superintendent costs the state more than that of county examiner. This no doubt was expected by the legislature when the change was made, as they allowed the superintendent one-third more per diem, and gave him work to do that would require more of his time. The mere fact, therefore, that the office of county superintendent costs more than that of county examiner is no reason for condemning the change. It must be shown that there is too great a difference in the cost, and that the labor performed by the superintendents and the results of those labors do not justify the expenditure of that difference. It is the object of this article, in the first place, to compare the cost of the two offices, and in the second place, to compare the labors of the two offices, and the results of those labors, to see whether they justify the additional expense of county superintendency. Reports have been received at this office from 77 counties, stating that the cost of the office of county examiner, and the office of county superintendent, for the 77 counties is \$63,002.73. At the same rate for 92 counties, or the whole state, the cost would be \$75,273.32. The average cost of county examiners was \$38,707.16, which is \$36,568.16 less than the annual cost of county superintendents.

Is it wise to expend this difference? Certainly not, unless the results show ample returns for it. What more, then, does the county superintendent do than the county examiner? What greater results follow his labors? The new law provides that the duties of the school examiner shall be performed by the county superintendent. The principal additional duties required of him are set forth in the following quotations from the law: "The county superintendent shall have the general superintendence of the schools of his county. He shall attend each township institute at least once in each year, when he shall preside at the same and conduct its exercises. He shall visit each school of the county at least once each year, for the purpose of increasing their usefulness, and elevate, as far as practicable, the poorer schools to the standard of the best. He shall encourage Teachers' Institutes and associations, and shall labor in every practicable way to elevate the standard of teaching, and to improve the condition of the schools of the county." Sec. 39.

"The county superintendent shall, at least once in each year and as much oftener as he may deem proper, fully examine the dockets, records, and accounts of the clerk of the county, and of the county commissioners, justices of the peace, prosecuting attorneys, and mayors of cities, and see that all fines, forfeitures, unclaimed fees, liquor licenses, and surplus dog tax, etc., are promptly collected, reported and paid over to the proper fund or revenue. He shall see that the full amount of interest on school funds is paid and apportioned, and when there is a deficit of interest on any school fund or a loss of any school fund or revenue by the county, that proper warrants are issued for the reimbursement of the same." Sup. Sec. A.

It is also made his duty by the law, whenever any officer, for any reason, fails to pay over any claims due the school funds or revenues, to institute suit in the name of the state for the recovery of the same.

From this it appears that his principal extra duties in addition to those required of the examiner are:

1. To visit every school in his county at least once in each year.
2. To organize and conduct, as far as he is able, the township institutes.
3. To examine all officers' dockets, records and accounts, where he is liable to find any delinquent claims due the school funds or revenues.
4. To have the general superintendence of the schools of his county.

Let us survey the labor required in the performance of these extra duties:

VISITING.

It is no small matter to canvass an entire county and visit all its schools, especially at that season of the year when the schools are in session. The average number of schools in a county is 100. Now it is impossible for the superintendent to visit more than two schools a day and make his visits effectual. Indeed, it seems to have been the intention of the legislature for him to devote a day to every school, from the fact that they provided that the commissioners should not limit the number of days devoted to visiting schools to any number less than the whole number of schools. The least possible time, therefore, in which he could visit all the schools in his county would be 200 days. The legislature allowed him at least 100 days. Suppose we adopt the mean between these as the time actually employed in visiting schools. This is a low estimate; for most of the superintendents report more time than this spent in this way.

The total amount of tuition revenue expended during the year was \$2,675,323.30. This divided by the average attendance, 311,272, gives the cost per pupil \$8.60. Now, \$8.60 taken 10,000 times gives \$86,000.00, the actual money value to the state of county superintendency from this item alone, and which is not a trifling sum, especially in view of the fact that the winter was the worst winter for attending school for several years, on account of bad roads and high waters.

FINAL SUMMARY.

Labor performed not required of county examiners.....\$36,800.00
By increase attendance.....32,675.34
By examining dockets, records, etc.....62,472.74
Total.....\$131,948.08
Deduct excess cost of county superintendents.....36,568.16
Balance favoring county superintendency.....\$95,379.92

Thus it appears that the state of Indiana has been benefited \$146,507.38 by adopting her system of county superintendency, when those items that can be considered in a financial point of view are carefully examined and the results obtained. There are other and higher benefits resulting from this system, the results of which can only be seen in the general effect upon the illiteracy of the state, which time alone will reveal, and upon the rapid increase of the school funds and revenues, which is already indicated in the reports to this office.

The Belgian journals mention the death, at the age of 10 years and 11 months, of Frederic Van de Kerkhove, a young painter of almost miraculous precocity. He was a native of Bruges, and had executed not less than 350 pictures. It has been proposed that there should be a public exhibition of his works.

The various building and loan associations of Cleveland held a meeting Tuesday night to discuss the situation. An amicable settlement was advised in winding up the affairs of these associations, as it is believed that they will be closed and uncon-

devoted to the examination of teachers, examination of records, etc.

The law already quoted imposes great labor on the county superintendents in the way of examining dockets, records, etc., all channels through which flow additional school funds and revenues. One has only to read the law to convince him, that if faithfully obeyed, it will require considerable time to visit the various parts of the county and examine so many records. We have no statistics in this office showing the amount of time that has been devoted to that work, but many of the superintendents in their written reports state the time. From observing these I think I am certainly within bounds when I say they have given on an average ten days to this work, and if they could all be able to fully meet the requirements of the law, they would have devoted more time to that work. None of this labor, not a moment of this time, was required of the examiner.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCE.

Besides these specific duties the law provides that the County Superintendent shall have the general superintendence of the schools of his county. No such labor and responsibility were imposed on the Examiner. I have no means of estimating the amount of time and labor required by this clause of the law. Some idea of it may be formed from another clause in the same section: "He shall labor in every practicable way to elevate the standard of teaching, and to improve the condition of the schools of the county."

Under these provisions a great variety of useful labor has been performed by county superintendents, such as preparing a course of study for schools and a daily programme to direct the teacher, requiring monthly reports of the teachers, assisting in grading the schools, settling difficulties between pupils and teacher, and teacher and parents, etc. Some of this would be done while he was visiting the schools; hence I make no estimate of it, although much of the labor would require extra time.

Let us summarize:

	Days.
Time employed in visiting.....	75
In township institutes.....	15
In examining dockets, records, etc.....	10
Total.....	100

At \$4.00 per day this would be \$400.00 to each county superintendent for labor that was not required of the examiner. In 92 counties this would amount to \$36,800.00, or a few dollars more than the excess of the cost of county superintendents over that of county examiners. It thus appears that all the extra pay received by the superintendents, and a little besides, is for extra work, and that the work formerly done by the examiners is now done by the superintendents at a less cost to the state than under the old law.

Having ascertained the extra labors of the county superintendent, and that his extra pay is for work from extra labors imposed by the legislature, it remains for us to examine the results of those labors to see whether they justify the expenditure of the superintendents additional pay. These results are of two kinds: 1. Those that can be estimated in money. 2. Those which cannot be so estimated, but which are of great value in this order. What then are the moneyed results of the county superintendents' extra labors? Compare the following statistics for 1872, the last year under the county examiner, and for 1874, the first year of county superintendency.

	1872.	1874.
Enumeration of children.....	640,182	694,364
Enrollment of schools.....	463,204	494,044
Attendance at schools.....	25,840	32,675
Number of teachers.....	12,420	12,655

From this table we glean the following facts:

1. Increase in enumeration.....14,182
2. Increase in enrollment.....25,840
3. Increase in attendance.....7,835
4. Increase in number of teachers.....235

In 1873 the per cent. of enrollment on the enumeration was 72. As the enumeration in 1874 was increased 14,182, we would naturally expect that the enrollment would be increased 72 per cent. of this sum, or 10,211, whereas we find that this increase has been 25,840, or 254 per cent. It appears that 15,629 children, almost 16 regiments, were induced to enter the schools under the labors of county superintendents that would not have been there under county examiners.

In 1873 the per cent. of the average attendance on enumeration was 40. We would therefore expect the average attendance in 1874 to be increased by 40 per cent. of the increase in the enumeration, which would be 6,223. But the actual increase was 7,835, an excess of 10,668. Thus it appears that nearly 11 regiments of children, almost 11 regiments, were induced to enter the schools under the labors of county superintendents that would not have been there under county examiners.

The increase in the number of teachers and their wages has about kept pace with the increase in enumeration, and, therefore may be passed by unnoticed, and the increase on enrollment and average attendance over and above that which would naturally arise from the increase in the enumeration may be considered a clear gain, due to the new order of things—principally to the influence of county superintendents in their visits and lectures throughout the county, and in working up the township institutes. Of what value, then, is this increase? This may be determined by deciding what it would have cost the state to educate these 11 regiments in separate schools.

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THE HAUNTED MILL.

There, in the midst of you low-lying land,
She lived and loved; that mill and miller's
beach.

Witness the first fruits of her dear-bought
blessings,
Such trifles as a look, a touch, a kiss;
There, though not climbing knew, love's hill of
thyme.

But thought all heaven within her little reach.
How should she hear of Virgil's hapless maid?
What in the myrtle would Love's martyrs
pride?

Made Love's love by charm of Love's cruel hand?

For never will love with love be satisfied;
Sad love, who longs for sighs and tears and grass,
Burned grass, for showers, and bees for bitter
rhyme.

Read but my story, built in rustic rhyme,
About this miller's daughter, the village pride:
How on a New-Year's Eve it came to pass
Once long ago, a knave her heart had won,
How for love's sake she had Death bonds of
brass
brought, where that old bridge breaks the brav-
ing tide.

The water flows, as it was wont to flow.
Idly along the meadows, past the mill;
Only the ground is white no more with meal,
No more the children hear the atering
wheel.

Wondering; but round it wanton rushes blow;
The pool beneath the dam sleeps always still;
On the island her white hands lifted, to and fro
The spider weaves his dusty web at will.
While on the door-step green lush grass grows.

Here, when at eve the day to rest has lain,
The dim sick last day of the dying year,
The faded rustic heart yet has ever stay'd—
Or dreams he hears, some sound as soft and
light

As the faint murmur of subsiding rain.
Not a word, round, reverent eyes of fear
Sees by the mouldering beach a woman in pain,
While horror battles in his heart to hear
Her timid voice beseeching him, in vain.

And what is that which thus the night affrays?
Naught save the shape of her, the form of her,
Free of that city where never light nor dew
The rose—danced hours of morning threw
On long and clear or short and cloudy days.
"Alas! Alas!" she cries; but might as well have
bade

The sea be still, wheat grow in the city's ways;
Her soft and voice once yet has ever stay'd—
None, though so strongly with stretch'd hands
she prays;

Prays till the cock's crow chides the tardy morn,
Waiting, and hopes at last to tell her tale—
Edg'd with grief, she looks at her, and says,
"Only rank wild grass, and the weeping thorn
Near her, and play, till white stars grow pale
In heaven, and to another year is born."
With such sighs her form is forced to fall,
As winds wake whispering through a field of
corn.

He, loved and lost, all sweet and seventeen;
Like summer fair, no longer than full sails
Home-set and long-expected, yet neat bands
Of hair, one hue with the haze of sunset sands,
He tangled with salt weed, and slippery green,
On some far rock, where lone the hoarse sea
meets walls,
Wet weed for daisies where his hand had been;
For these gods nor pity nor prayer pre-
vail;
Nor is there any to tell us what they mean.

That New-Year's Eve they quarrel'd. Love men
say,
These little lovers' anger but renew
Not always; late that night to meet his dame,
And wet with gathering winter rains, came
Her halting lover; she, but all for play,
Edg'd with wrath, she wished him like a woman
to sue

For grace; he would not; then she turn'd away,
To-morrow he would see her foot in his hand
To-morrow—but those mocking gods said Nay.

For she, her lover's love left to save—
A toy whose worth and gift could esteem,
A brooch of color'd glass, and such fine gold
As peddlers sell, for her of wealth untold—
Laid by the water's side, had found a hand
Seeking it, fallen in the deep swift stream.
But in the morn pass'd by a swift knave,
Her suitor scorn'd, and saw in the new sun's
gleam,
Saw, gleam'd, and show'd the gage he swore she
gave.

So lying, doom'd her dull swain to despair,
Who, since he never saw his darling more,
Dream'd himself lost; he, her false. Alas, but she
On the swift deep stream drifted out to sea!
And now, each New-Year's Eve, though late, yet
there
By the broken bridge, eye-kirted as of yore,
She yearns to tell a tale for which none care;
While long in his heart shut-door are win-
dows and door
For whom her waste words soothe the wintry
air.

of his, by the name of William Cozens, aged about eighteen. Rittenhouse, accompanied by Sheriff Coe, of Champaign, crossed him to be arrested and lodged in jail, where the two boys are now safely locked up, each carrying the other with having done the deed. White's trunk was searched by Rittenhouse, and found to contain, among other things, a stout, short club, resembling a policeman's "billy," and a dark slacker. Having secured the murderers, the next thing was to find the gun, and complete the chain of testimony. To do this Rittenhouse made a confederate of another prisoner in the same jail, who got White and Cozens to believe that his time would soon be out, and that if he would carry it off as soon as he was released, and then it could not be used against them. Being caught by this bait, they gave a full description where the gun was concealed, a pistol of the locality was made, and the gun was found at the place described. Since then the gun has been fully identified by Mr. Harrison as the one carried by his son Willie. Indeed, the gun could readily be picked out from among a million, as it is shod with a horn band, a bullet, and a curved walnut guard covering the trigger, being unlike, in these two respects, any gun in general use. That Willie Harrison was killed for his gun no one doubts. It is supposed his murderers met him in the timber, and that one of them asked to look at his gun, and, having got it, stepped behind him and shot him in the back of the neck as before stated. The shot found in the wound corresponded exactly with the shot carried in the pouch found in Willie's pocket when the body was discovered.

THE B. & O. MAGNATE.

A SKETCH OF A REMARKABLE MAN—THE MANNER IN WHICH A ROAD IS MADE SELF-SUSTAINING.

"Gath" writes thus to the Chicago Tribune concerning the president of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad: Writing in the library of Congress last week, I saw a portly figure at the head of a body of strangers walking up and down and explaining things. I recognized that rubicund face, bluish gray eye, and solid, unassuming tread and pace—the Baltimore & Ohio railway magnate, John W. Garrett. He has been in Europe for more than two years. In the interim his fellow-capitalist and friend, John Hopkins, has passed to the other side. During his absence, although forbidden to attend to business, Garrett wrote every mail, and had the epitomized work sent out to him. His kinsfolk—John King and Mr. Keyser—have been at the quarters of the presidency in his absence, King exercising a viceregency and Keyser moving up and down the line and through the commercial centers. Whatever the reasons or philosophy, this management of this railroad is vindicated above everything of the kind in the western world. The great panic swept over the country a year ago, and drove Vanderbilt to Wall street and Scott to protect the Scotch-Irish-Dutchmen of Baltimore were as oblivious of the panic as that Frederick county man who, having ploughed all day, said, as he came home: "I think I feel some little peculiarities in my back, but with hauls out a pair of snuffers and a cart-wrench. There was no scrip nor water in Garrett's boots. All the stock there was old dry."

"That is the only railroad in America," said Shanley, the Canadian who built the house turntable, "able in any contingency to take care of itself."

The power of the railroad is no secret. It consists in learning whatever is good from the present age, and forgetting nothing that was good in former ones. Once or twice there have been speculations in railroads, but more earnings or split the stock a little thinner; but the absolute and old-fashioned sagacity of Garrett have prevented this going through. His motto has been: "Economy in every detail, from a pound of nails up." "Time," says Garrett, is "longer than speculation; and the longer it lasts, the more it costs for the sake of the long credit of the stock; all wait together, stockholders and officers! Invest the surplus in the system. Let politics alone. Neither conciliate it nor antagonize it. Particularly do not corrupt it, or you will get its spite on you. Responsibility in the working force;

CONSERVATISM IN THE MANAGEMENT.

patience in the stock list. Do not fool with localisms. Side branches must construct themselves. Push for large terminal points, and the side places must build toward the stem we extend in their general direction." Mr. Garrett took this road to the ground, and the war. He is a provision dealer, the son of a banker—Scotch-Irish Presbyterian on one side, Pennsylvania-German on the other. He had a hard, round head, slow and gracious manner, a large, rolling, ample plausibility, which reminded people of a Roman in togas; and he recovered in a hurry, but always very prompt; five minutes of reflection he gave to every second of speech, except when he had a great occasion, and then he had done the thinking for weeks before. He was never deficient in confidence, but was diplomatic; and he was, and it embraced people unctuously, instead of carrying them by storm. His pertinacity was indestructible. He returned and returned again to the same point, not with weight and the leaning power, not with attrition nor intrigue, carried the position, or persisting; and he was lost. He had had a Baltimore appetite for food, and his steady animal heat counteracted any intellectual relapse or melancholy, if he could be capable of it. Between work and eating, they say, his organism for a time grew unstrung. He worked on a full stomach for fifteen years around this railroad, and then a tendency to vertigo became so manifest that he had to give over and go to Europe. He told me that he had perfectly capable assistants, and should not resume his labor with so wild a wilderness. Garrett is essentially a merchant. He has led this railroad from 35 cents on the stock up to \$1.35 and more, where it stands, like Mohammed's coffin, against the ceiling. From a road, badly off, between Baltimore and Wheeling, it is now a road to Staunton, to Danville, to Cincinnati, to Pittsburg, to Sandusky, to Chicago. It may yet be a road to Omaha and New Orleans. Its ambition stops at Baltimore. In that city there is an undertone of feeling that John W. Garrett may become a candidate for the presidency of the United States.

"Bachelor" says, in a communication to the New York Times, on the subject of matrimony practically considered: "I have a good room for which I pay \$20 a month, with gas and fire. I cook my own breakfast, which consists usually of fresh rolls and butter, with coffee or chocolate, and a couple of eggs or a few oysters, with fruit in season, and, if I choose, a little pickled salmon, cheese, or caviar, as a relish. My breakfast costs me, on an average, fifteen cents a day, an estimate which looks ridiculously small, but which any person can verify by trying the same plan himself." This bachelor, however, eats square dinners and dresses well, so that his annual expenditures average \$22.

Boucault's new play is called "The Shaughraun." A shaughraun is a vagabond sort of a person of the gypsy order, half nutcase and half favorite, who wanders where-ever he pleases, and does nothing with great assiduity.